

*Orl.* And mine to eke out hers.  
*Ref.* Fare you well: praie heauen I be decei'd in you.  
*Char.* Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duk.* You shall trie but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

*Ref.* Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

*Cel.* I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

*Ref.* Oh excellent yong man.

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

*Duk.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

*Duk.* How do'st thou Charles?

*Le Ben.* He cannot speake my Lord.

*Duk.* Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

*Orl.* Orlando my Lige, the yongest sonne of Sir Rolando de Boys.

*Duk.* I would thou hadst bene son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemy: Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house: But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

*Exit Duk.*

*Cel.* Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

*Ref.* My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle Cosen,  
 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:  
 My Fathers rough and enuious disposition  
 Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,  
 If you doe keepe your promises in loue;  
 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,  
 Your Mistris shall be happie.

*Ref.* Gentleman,  
 Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune  
 That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes,  
 Shall we goe Coze?

*Cel.* I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts  
 Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp  
 Is but a quintine, a mere liuelelle blocke.

*Ref.* He cal's vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,  
 He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?  
 Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne  
 More then your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you goe Coze?

*Ref.* Haue with you: fare you well.

*Exit.*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these waights vpon my tongue,  
 I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

*Enter Le Ben.*

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne  
 Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.  
*Le Ben.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you  
 Teleaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd  
 High commendation, true applause, and loue;  
 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,  
 That he misconstrers all that you haue done:  
 The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede  
 More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

*Orl.* I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,  
 Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
 That here was at the Wrastling?

*Le Ben.* Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,  
 But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,  
 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,  
 And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle  
 To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues  
 Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:  
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
 Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,  
 Grounded vpon no other argument,  
 But that the people praise her for her vertues,  
 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;  
 And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady  
 Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,  
 Hereafter in a better world then this,  
 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.  
 Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,  
 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother,  
 But heauenly *Rosaline*.

*Exit.*

### Scena Tertius.

*Enter Celia and Rosaline.*

*Cel.* Why Cosen, why *Rosaline*: Cupid haue mercie,  
 Not a word?

*Ref.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away  
 vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee  
 with reasons.

*Ref.* Then there were two Cosen laid vp, when the  
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad  
 without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your Father?

*Ref.* No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh  
 how full of briars is this working day world.

*Cel.* They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee  
 in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths  
 our very petty-coates will catch them.

*Ref.* I could shake them off my coate, these burs are  
 in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ref.* I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

*Ref.* O they take the part of a better wrastler then  
 my selfe.

*Cel.* O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

*in*

in dispiight of a fall: but turning these iests out of service,  
 let vs talke in good earnest; is it possible on such a so-  
 daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir  
 Rowlands yongest sonne?

*Ref.* The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deere lie,  
*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his  
 Sonne deere lie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate  
 him, for my father hated his father deere lie; yet I hate  
 not Orlando.

*Ref.* No faith, hate him not for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

*Enter Duke with Lords.*

*Ref.* Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him:  
 Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eies full of anger.

*Duk.* Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
 And get you from our Court.

*Ref.* My Vncle.

*Duk.* You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou best found  
 So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,

Thou diest for it.

*Ref.* I doe beseech your Grace  
 Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:

If with my selfe I hold intelligence,  
 Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,

If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,  
 (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,

Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,  
 Did I offend your highnesse.

*Duk.* Thus doe all Traitors,  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace it selfe;

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ref.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;  
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends?

*Duk.* Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

*Ref.* So was I when your highnesse banish't him;  
 Treason is not inherited my Lord,

Or if we did deriue it from our friends,  
 What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,

Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,  
 To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

*Cel.* Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

*Duk.* I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,  
 Elle had she with her Father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then intreat to haue her stay,  
 It was your pleasure, and your owne remorie,

I was too yong that time to value her,  
 But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,

Why so am I; we still haue slept together,  
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,

And wherefore we went, like *Iunio* Swans,  
 Still we went coupled and inseperable.

*Duk.* She is too subtil for thee, and her smoothes;  
 Her verie silence, and per patience,

Speake to the people, and they pittie her:  
 Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous  
 When she is gone: then open not thy lips.

Firme, and irreuocable is my doo'mbe,  
 Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,  
 I cannot lue out of her companie.

*Duk.* You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,  
 If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,  
 And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

*Cel.* O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?  
 Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:

I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

*Ref.* I haue more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not Cosen,

Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke  
 Hath banish'd me his daughter?

*Ref.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue  
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,

Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?  
 No, let my Father seeke another heire:

Therefor deuise with me how we may flie  
 Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,

And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,  
 To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:

For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;  
 Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

*Ref.* Why, whether shall we goe?

*Cel.* To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

*Ref.* Alas, what danger will it be to vs,  
 (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?

Beautie prouoketh theues sooner then gold,  
 The like doe you, so shall we passe along,

And neuer stir assailants.

*Ref.* Were it not better,  
 Because that I am more then common tall,

That I did suite me all points like a man,  
 A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,

A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart  
 Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,

Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,  
 As manie other mannish cowards haue,

That doe outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ref.* He haue no worfe a name then *Iones* owne Page,  
 And therefore looke you call me *Giamed*.

But what will you by call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

*Ref.* But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale  
 The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court?

Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?  
*Cel.* Heele goe along ore the wide world with mee,

I leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away  
 And get our Iewels and our wealth together,

Deuise the fittest time, and safest way  
 To hide vs from pursuite that will be made

After my flight: now goe in we content  
 To libertie, and not to banishment.

*Exit.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords.*

*Duk. Sen.* Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:  
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then